

LITTLE ROSE McNALLY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by ED. ROGERS.

Tempo di Valse.

1. Down town in our al-ley, lives a fam-ly Mc-Nal-ly. They've a
2. On a bright morn-mer's eve-nine, when the moon's bright-ly beam-ing, 'Out-
daugh-ter the neigh-bors call Rose. She's as pure as her name, and the
side in the al-ley they throng. It's then you will hear her, when old
boys say the same, They love her wher-ev-er she goes. She is kind to her
folks are near her, A-sing-ing some sweet, pret-ty song. Ex-ry-thing seems so
moth-er, who says there's no oth-er Could claim such a flow-er as she. Still I
co-sy, when a-round lit-tle Ro-sie, She'd drive all your trou-bles a-way. There's no

Published by MURRAY MUSIC CO., New York.
Used by permission of JES. W. STERN & Co., owners of the Copyright.
Copyright and performing rights secured for Great Britain and all British Colonies and Possessions. No. 9.

long for the time, When I can call her mine, Then my own lit-tle Rose she'll be
queen on the throne That I'd change for my own Lit-tle Ro-sie Mc-Nal-ly to-day.

Chorus.

Lit-tle Rose Mc-Nal-ly, she's the girl I love.

2nd time f.

Lit-tle Rose Mc-Nal-ly is my tur-tle dove! She's the
first one in my life That I fan-cied for a wife. For an an-gel
from a-bove is Rose Mc-Nal-ly.

Little Rose McNally. 2 pp.—2d p.

No. 9.

When Her Rights Came.

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.)

Abe Warner was a good-for-nothing whose meek little wife supported him. One day came a woman's rights old maid, Miss Stranger. In three days she had organized a woman's club in Grat-ton and made an address that aroused the patriotic hearts of the members. Within an hour most of them had thrown off the yoke of slavery and were prepared to take a hand in running the government. It so happened that little Mrs. Warner was doing some sewing at the house where the first meeting was held, and it was in-stated that she join the club. She was scared half to death at the idea of hav-ing any rights and asserting them, and after the meeting was over Miss Stran-ger took her in hand to make her some-thing more than a worm of the dust. She was talked to for an hour, and the effects were felt at home that same evening. Abe wanted 50 cents, and for the first time in his life the wife refused him. She did even more. She demanded to know why he didn't go to work.

The husband loafed off downtown to play checkers, but he didn't play. His feelings had been hurt. There was rebellion in his own house. He had suffered loss of dignity. He couldn't get over these jolts, and so he returned home to cuff his wife's ears and tell her how ungrateful she was not to ap-preciate a husband like him. She took the cuffs, but not as meekly as formerly. In fact, there was a danger signal in her eye that set Abe to won-dering what had come over her. She still refused him any money, and he thought it best not to cuff too hard. He heard through some of his cronies that his wife had joined the woman's rights club, and it made him laugh. He went home and gazed at her about it, but she had nothing to say. She sim-ply looked at him in a queer way, and he wound up by saying:

"If I hear any more about this non-sense I'll make you a ring for you. You've got all the rights coming to you, and you want to stop right there." When he was ready to go down to his loafing place that evening his hum-ble wife voluntarily offered him half a dollar and gave him a good surprise. He hadn't been drunk for ten days, and now here was the wherewithal. The fact that she offered the money forced him to admit that she had got over her rebellious spirit and wanted to please him, and he went away pat-ting himself on the back as the only husband in Grat-ton that knew how to manage a wife. To make up for lost time he got drunker than usual and at midnight was brought into the house

and dumped on the floor. This was no unusual occurrence, but unusual things followed it. He awoke about 9 o'clock the next forenoon to find himself tied hand and foot. He started to inquire why in Texas his breakfast wasn't ready and why he hadn't been un-dressed and put to bed, but as he opened his mouth to do so he noticed that his humble wife was sitting with her sewing not far away and that she had what looked like a horsewhip across her knees.

"Well, what does this mean?" he finally asked.

"It means that a great change is about to take place."

"Who tied me up this way?"

"I did. It's the first move in the change."

"You untie me and hustle me up some breakfast or I'll make things hot for you! By thunder, but how dare you do such a thing!"

"Abe," she said as she laid down her sewing and stood up with the whip in her hand, "you have been a lazy, good for nothing man for years past. Are you going to work?"

"Of course not. Why should I go to work?"

"You are not only a lazy, shiftless loafer, but you are a drunkard. You have no ambition, no sense of shame. Are you going to promise me never to get drunk again?"

"No, I ain't. I guess I want a little fun once in awhile as well as other folks. Seems to me you are talking mighty strange all to once, is this what you call woman's rights?"

"Yes, Abe; it is."

"Then I'll lick it out of you in about five minutes!"

"Not in a thousand years, Abe. On the contrary, I'm going to lick some-thing out of you!"

And then she began. She was a lit-tle woman, but she had a strong arm, and she was laced by the remem-brance that for seventeen centuries her sex had been only worms of the dust. She stood there and laid that whip on until Abe bellowed for mercy. Then she stopped for five minutes' rest and began again. She lashed him, and she lashed him, and she lashed him, and he blubbered like a boy. While she was giving him a drink five mem-bers of the club came in. They had no words, but smiled encouragement. Abe rolled over and over and cried and howled, but the lash continued to fall. The women went away, and the hum-ble wife rested, but not for long. All that day the man was left tied on the floor, and at regular intervals he was lashed, and the performance did not close until an hour before sundown. Then he was released and sent to bed. Before twenty-four hours had passed he had "struck a job," and if you call for him today you will find him a sober, hardworking man. If the sub-ject of woman's rights is mentioned, he has no opinion to express. He sim-ply shivers, as it cold, and the per-spiration starts out on his brow. The little woman isn't running the govern-ment yet, but she is running Abe War-ner and the house and doing very well at it.

M. QUAD.

Her Husband's Grouch.

"A wife can do much to make a house happy," said the visitor.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Torkins, "but it is a pity she can't exert an influ-ence that will enable the home ball club to win all the games."—Washington Star.

Only Then.

"Little boy, do you ever swear?"

"No, ma'am, 'ceptin' when it's neces-sary and I gotta do it."

"When is it necessary to swear?"

"W'en de empire calls ye out on two strikes an' a ball."—Chicago Tribune.

The Truth About It.

"Stimson told me the other day that Grimley is awfully close."

"Yes, Grimley told me that Stimson tried to borrow a couple of hundred from him the other day, and he could not let him have it because Stimson's brother held him up the day before and took all the ready cash he could command."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Usual Travel Talk.

"Beggins is going abroad."

"Is he?" said the man of languid in-terest.

"He should have something to tell when he returns."

"Perhaps. But the chances are he will do what everybody else does—merely praise the scenery and abuse the hotels."—Pittsburg Post.

Humor

SHE WAS CARELESS.

And So the Careful Husband Decided to Teach His Wife a Lesson.

"My wife has a disagreeable habit of leaving her pocketbook in exposed places," said the man who was telling the story. "I had cautioned her more than once that she would lose it if she wasn't more careful."

"I came downtown with her the other morning, and the first thing she did after boarding the car was to deposit her purse upon the car seat, while she relieved herself of the terrible sus-picion that her hat wasn't on straight."

A movement of her arms knocked the purse on the floor, where it remained until I picked it up.

"I resumed that purse no less than a dozen times before we reached the

bargain counter that was the goal of my wife's ambition.

"Events around a bargain counter occur with kaleidoscopic swiftness, and I soon found myself the sole guardian of my wife's purse, which lay before me on the counter where it had been deserted by her in a mad rush for the other end of the counter."

"To teach her a lesson I emptied the contents of the purse in my pocket and retreated to the edge of the crowd to await developments."

"It wasn't long before my wife crowded her way out, triumphantly holding aloft a twenty-five cent cream jug that she had succeeded in buying for 40 cents."

"I didn't know that they charged things here," I began feebly.

"They don't," she answered. "I have money left for three ice cream sodas and a strip of car tickets." And she exhibited the contents of her purse to prove her assertion.

"I nearly fainted when it dawned upon me that I had taken the contents from a purse belonging to some other woman."

"I have no desire to retain possession, and if the woman who lost 79 cents, a postage stamp, three hairpins and a recipe for making angel food will call at my office she may have her prop-erty."—Detroit Free Press.

Finished Him.

"Yes," prattled the artless damsel, "I have eight brothers and four sisters. There were sixteen in mother's family and fourteen in her mother's. It's funny about our family. Now, my oldest sister—"

"Maude," gasped the young man, "you mustn't take what I've been say-ing to you seriously. I hope you—er—understand that it was only a flirtation and that when I asked you to become my wife I—er—well, you understand, don't you?"

Through Foreign Eyes.

Two foreigners were watching their first game of baseball.

"Dot was a dangerous game, yahi?" said the German.

"Eet must be, monsieur," replied the Frenchman. "Why, even ze catcher wears a mawzie to keep him from bit-ting people!"—Chicago News.

Didn't Take It Seriously.

Bingley—Here is an English physi-cian who says that talking too much makes women nervous, and he sug-gests that some way should be found to induce them to keep quiet.

Bingley (thoughtfully)—That's an old gag, isn't it?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Proportion.

"Yes," drawled Reginald, "I always select a gray hat."

"And why?" asked Miss Tabasco.

"Why, to match the color of my

brains." "Gracious! You must select a small hat then."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not Interesting.

Mr. Knox—You women are forever 'discussing' the bad points of your neighbors. If you'd only gossip about their good points it would be more ed-ifying.

Mrs. Knox—Yes, but who'd care to listen to us?—Philadelphia Press.

Concerning Work.

"Work is something that none of us can avoid."

"That's right," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Even if you hire somebody to do your work you've got to work hard to keep him from loafing or spilling something."—Washington Star.

Safe and Sane.

"I never can tell what that son of mine is going to do next."

"I can always be sure what mine will do."

"What's that?"

"Not a darned thing."—Cleveland Leader.

People in Glass Houses.

Pearl—Some one just laughed at our Merry Widow hats.

Ruby—Who was it, dear?

Pearl—Why, that college chap in the lagoon hat with two corners turned down and a blue and yellow band.—Detroit Tribune.

Rheumatism Cured in 24 Hours.

T. J. Blackmore, of Haller & Blackmore, Pittsburg, Pa., says: "A short time since I procured a bot-tle of Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism. It got me out of the house in 24 hours. I took to my bed with rheumatism nine months ago and Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism is the only medicine that did me any good. I had five of the best physicians in the city, but I re-ceived very little relief from them."

Know Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism to be what it is repre-sented and take pleasure in recom-mending it to other poor sufferers."

Sold by The Dumble Pharmacy, Drugist, Opp. Kerr House.

Try the Mirror want column.

Selections

THE FIRST JOKES.

Do You Know Which the Original Eleven Ones Were?

Miss Agnes Reppier, lecturing on "The Mission of Humor" at the Colony club, New York, said she had been in-formed that there were eleven original jokes in the world. After she had said her allotted say Mr. Joseph H. Choate arose and, gallant as ever, remarked that he was now sure there were twen-ty-two original jokes. Any man or woman who produces eleven original jokes in a lecture is a world wonder. With all due respect to Miss Reppier, we are inclined to think that Mr. Choate was too amiable and too recep-tive.

What are these eleven original, fun-damental, basic jokes, not made for a parish or an occasion, necessarily hu-man and universal? Look over the comic weeklies from the beginning of Punch and you will find the same lines of humorous thought, endless repeti-tions of a fool born jest, ponderous elaboration of a trifle, changes of an old idea to suit time and place. The old jest books—Joe Miller's, and, before his, Poggitt and Bacon—show how our predecessors anticipated us. Plutarch's "Moralia" is full of jests and jocos-anecdotes that are now fondly thought contemporaneous. Turn to his "Apophthegms or Remarkable Sayings of Kings and Great Commanders" and you find this quip: A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. Archelaus answered, "In silence." Read "The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men," Englished by Roger Davis, A. M., and there a sage is thus reported: "In this mistake, however, I'm much of the youth's mind who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit his step-mother, adding, 'My throw is not lost, however.'"

The favorite jokes in this country have been for years based on the moth-er-in-law, the farmer and the summer boarder, the city boarding house, spring cleaning (and the stovepipe play-ing an important part) and the greedy goat. The mother-in-law was naturally the victim of the first joke—son-in-law, while there could be no joke about the stovepipe before the existence of the pipe. There is the cannibal mis-sionary joke that has done yeoman's service, but it cannot be older than the appearance of the first missionary. What are the primeval eleven jokes? One of the oldest known to us begins "Old Noah, he had three sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth," but there must

have been jokes before the flood. What were the eleven that were preserved in the ark? No doubt the gag about the elephant bringing his trunk was coined by some irreverent looker on who saw in the embarkation only food for mirth. Death by drowning was too good for him. But what jokes did Noah and his sons take with them for daily recreation? We can be sure of only one—the mother-in-law jest. Will not Miss Reppier tell to the world the other ten?—Boston Herald.

The Stiletto in Italy.

"The reign of the knife and the stil-letto, which has been unquestioned in Italy for centuries," says the Rome cor-respondent of a Berlin paper, "is to be brought to an end. For generations it has been the custom to carry a knife, and those men in the lower walks who had no knife carried a sharpened nail or file to be used on the slightest provocation. The wine is heavy, the blood of the people is hot, their power of self control small. Is it a wonder, then, that, with the murderous instrument always at hand, there should be so many fatal encounters? But the law-makers have at last discovered that the morals of the whole nation have been influenced for the bad by the knife carrying custom, and laws will be passed similar to those now in force in some parts of the United States of America making it a crime to carry a deadly weapon."

A Fling at the French Army.

General Langlois, a distinguished of-ficer of the French army, has aroused much uneasiness among his country-men by asserting that the morale and discipline of the military forces of France are in an alarming state of de-generation. All the military enthusi-asm of Napoleon's day, he remarks, has evaporated, patriotism is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and the military organization of the republic, once so removed from sordid influences, is controlled even in the minutest de-tails by politics and politicians. Pro-motions, furloughs, permits to men in the lowest ranks of the army to marry, says General Langlois, are all subject to the control of civil magistrates in each prefecture, the results being com-plete anarchy and disorganization in the army.

A milk strainer that gets clogged is easily cleaned by rubbing coarse salt through the wires.

Hot water assists in paring small pota-toes or peaches. Pour water over them, let stand for a few minutes, and the skins can be rubbed off.

Fuller's earth is effective in remov-ing spots from cloth and carpets. Mix-ten the earth to a soft paste and spread a thin layer over the soiled places. Mix the earth with a little turpentine if the spot is grease. Allow the paste to re-main for two days and then brush off.